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# Newport Mercury.

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## Poetry.

### OUR BOWER.

Our bower, our bower, 'twas on the mountain  
brow,  
Where the maples rise in grandeur and the  
graceful willows bow,  
Where sweep the breezes wild and free, o'er heath  
and rocky dell,  
And songs from many a warbling throat in joy-  
ous chorus swell.  
Our bower, our bower, the torrent foams below,  
Where jutting cliff and rocky bed, disturb its  
peaceful flow;  
The sparkling waters gaily dance, then murmur-  
ing, gently glide.  
While bushes hang with coral wreaths bend  
drooping o'er the tide.  
Our bower, our bower, the long dark pine boughs  
bent,  
And from the laughing sun-beams power a  
cooling shelter lent;  
Around their stems the evergreens in endless gar-  
lands rove,  
And moss as green as fairy ring, a rich soft car-  
pet weave.  
Our bower, our bower, the daisy there was found,  
The starry buds of innocence were smiling all  
around,  
The poet's flower, anemone, the meadow's snowy  
queen,  
The sweet wild rose of crimson hue blossomed  
amid the green.  
Our bower, our bower, we planted many a flower,  
Of English birth, in memory fond, to grace our  
lovely bower;  
The primrose pale, the violet with sweetly scented  
breath,  
The golden cowslip, hyacinth, and blue-bell of  
the heath.  
Our bower, our bower, we often knelt in prayer,  
And joyful songs of praise we sang in unbroken  
gladness there;  
For hearts with love and pleasure filled, were blest  
in one sweet tie,  
And on together trod the path, that led them to  
the sky.  
Our bower, our bower, 'tis a forsaken spot,  
Its moss may fade, its flowers may die, un-  
dine, lone, forgot,  
For hearts are chilled, are changed, and one; the  
brightest of that band,  
Has found a home in fairer bowers, that deck  
the happy land.

## Useful Hints.

RECIPIES FOR MAKING FANCY INKS.—The  
following are a few recipes for making fancy  
inks, which may be used by fancy writers; and  
as they are not to be found on sale, they must  
be very useful to some of our readers:  
Gold Ink.—Mosaic Gold 2 parts; gum arabic  
1 part; are rubbed up with water until  
reduced to a proper condition.  
Silver Ink.—Triturate in a mortar equal parts  
of silver foil and sulphate of potassa, until re-  
duced to a fine powder; then wash out the salt,  
and mix the residue with a mucilage of equal  
parts of gum arabic and water.  
Brown Ink.—Digest powdered catechu, four  
parts, with water, sixty parts, for some hours;  
filter and add sufficient of a solution of bichro-  
mate of potassa, one part in sixteen of water.  
Yellow Ink.—Macerate gamboge one part (or  
1 1/2); alum one-eighth part; gum arabic one  
part, in acetic acid, one part; and water twenty-  
four parts.  
Blue Ink.—Triturate best Prussian blue, 6  
parts, with a solution of one part of oxalic acid  
in 6 of water, and towards the end of a quarter  
of an hour or so, add gradually gum arabic 18  
parts, and water 20. Pour off clear.  
Red Ink.—1. Pernambuco wood 4 parts; alum  
and cream of tartar, of each, 1 part, with 30  
of water; boil down to 16 parts, let stand, pour  
off, filter and dissolve in the liquid gum arabic,  
1 1/2 parts, white sugar, 1 part.  
2. Digest powdered cochineal, 8 parts, and  
sugar, 16 parts in 44 of water, for 24 hours.  
Then boil up with powdered (potash) alum, 4  
parts, and add 24 of cream of tartar, with 30  
of water, and when effervescence  
has ceased, another part of the acid, or enough  
to produce the color. Let cool, filter, and boil  
the residue on the filter with 12 parts of water;  
filter again, mix the liquids and dissolve in oil  
24 parts of gum arabic, and lastly 1-3 part of  
oil of cloves. No iron vessel must be used in this  
process.  
3. Digest powdered cochineal, 16 parts;  
oxalic acid, 2 parts; dilute acetic acid 80 parts;  
distilled water, 40 parts for 36 hours. Then  
add powdered alum, 1 part; gum arabic, 1 to 10,  
shake up, let stand for 12 hours and strain.  
4. Dissolve 1 part of carmine in 8 to 10 parts  
of aqua ammonia, and add mucilage of gum  
arabic sufficient to reduce it properly.  
Violet Ink.—8 parts of logwood and 64 parts  
of water; boil down to one-half, then strain and  
add 1 part of chloride of tin.  
Green Ink.—1. Digest 1 part of gamboge  
with 7 to 10 parts of the blue ink.  
2. To powdered bichromate of potassa, 8  
parts, contained in a porcelain dish, add oil of  
vitriol, 8 parts, previously diluted with 64 of  
water; then heat and while evaporating add  
gradually 24 parts of alcohol, and reduce to 56  
parts, which filter, and in the clear liquid dis-  
solve 8 parts of gum arabic.  
Crimson.—A beautiful crimson ink is made  
by mixing red ink No. 1, with the violet ink;  
about equal parts will answer.  
The parts given are those of weight, not  
measure. The mucilage of gum arabic prevents  
the fine particles of color from falling to the  
bottom in the form of a sediment. Sugar gives  
to inks a glossy appearance, but very little  
of it should be used, as it is liable to make the ink  
thick.  
India-rubber tubing is not used in convey-  
ing steam except on extraordinary occasions,  
such as for carrying steam to extinguish fire.—  
It may thus be used, as it can stand a tempera-  
ture somewhat above 236 deg Fah.

## Selected Tale.

### COUSIN SOPHRONY CARTER: A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. BOWEN.

'Dear me, anz, Aunt Sylvy!'  
'Well, Sophrony, you'll live to see,'  
answered in a tone of warning, Mrs. Sylvy  
Ritter, the little soft-eyed wife of Deacon  
Ritter, of Berry Farms; and she shook her  
head solemnly as she looked through the  
mellow heart of a ripe quince, and scooped  
out the core into a peck measure on one  
side of her, which was half filled with the  
golden parings of the ripe fruit. 'This  
'ere triflin' with young men's affections,  
and hankerin' after the admiration o' this  
and 't'other one, isartin to bring down  
trouble on one's own head sooner or later.  
As my grandmother used to say, when a  
gal had got the true love of an honest man,  
and didn't set store by it, she'd live to see  
the day she'd repent on't; and I believe  
it's as true as scripture. Now, there's  
Josiah Stiles, as clever and sober-minded  
and good mannered a young man as you'll  
find—'  
'Oh, now, for all the world, Aunt Sylvy,'  
interrupted Sophrony, and she tossed her  
pretty restless, wavering head, and then  
set herself more vigorously to work than  
ever at the muslin ruffle she was crimping  
with the small blade of her father's great  
pocket knife. 'Josiah Stiles don't care  
any special about me, or what I do.  
If I choose to go to the apple bee with  
Steve Platt, next Monday evenin', it's none  
o' his business; and I can't be made to see  
why I should put my finger in my mouth,  
like a scared school girl, and say, "By your  
leave, sir."'  
Mrs. Ritter paused in the midst of her  
half pared quince, and turned right about  
and faced her niece, while the golden rind  
collected about her fingers.  
'Now, Sophrony Ritter,' she said, with  
solemn emphasis, 'you know better than  
that are; you know best, too, what sort of  
encouragement you've given him with your  
pretty flirin' airs and ways—leadin' him  
on and holdin' him off for the last two  
years as a gal o' your stuff can al'ays con-  
trive to do, and now, when you feel in your  
own soul asartin that you've got him this  
blessed munit, and that he, as noble a fellow  
as ever trod shoe leather, loves you with a  
true, honorable love, and as a man only  
once loves a woman in his life, you're jest  
goin' to try your own power by given him  
the mittin', and goin' to the apple bee in  
company with Steve Platt, who you  
wouldn't turn over your right hand for, and  
you'll laugh and dance, and shake your  
head, and cut up generally; and be gloryin'  
all the time in the thought o' the pain, and  
fever, and madness like, which is goin' on  
in Josiah's heart. Oh, Sylvy, my dear  
child you may depend on't, Satan's at the  
bottom o' all this, and he'll bring you into  
the mire sooner or later, as he al'ays does  
those who heed his counsels.'  
Sophrony Carter had sat turning all  
colors and nervously tapping her foot on  
the sanded floor, during her aunt's speech;  
for her own conscience would authoritatively  
rise up and confirm all that her aunt  
said, spite of the sophistries with which  
the girl tried to drown its voice; and she  
broke out irritably at the conclusion, as a  
self-convicted party is apt to do:  
'Now, Aunt Sylvy, to be sure, one would  
think I was jest fit for a prison or the hang-  
man's rope, to hear you go on so. Can't a  
gal have a little bit of fun with her beaux  
without your puttin' on as solemncholy a  
face as though she'd been ketched feelin'  
off a stockin' Saturday night after sun-  
down? You're sich old fashioned notions;  
but you old folks forget you was gals  
once.'  
'No, Sophrony, I ain't forgot; and it's  
the memory of the time when your uncle  
Jacob Ritter first came a courtin' me, as  
Richard Carter did your mother, that  
makes me more in earnest, for I'm sot on  
doin' my duty by my dear sister's child, as  
I promised myself when I stood by her  
coffin, so that, if the Lord grant, I shall  
never have anything to reproach myself  
with when I look upon her face in Heaven;  
and, Sophrony, I'd be willing she should  
look down and hear every word I'm sayin'  
to you this munit, cos you know in your  
own soul its jest what she'd say too if she  
was a settin' in this chair.'  
Tears of genuine feeling and momentary  
penitence crushed themselves along the  
silken lashes which hid the bright blue  
eyes of Sophrony Carter. The angry flush  
died away from her cheeks, the daintily  
crimped ruffle fell into her lap, and she  
leaned towards her aunt with a softened ex-  
pression of countenance, when her little  
brother's voice was heard at the kitchen  
door.  
'I say, Sophrony, here's the bag o' flour.  
The miller couldn't get it ground afore, cos  
he had two or three jobs on hand.'  
'Well, I'm glad enough to see you at  
last,' she exclaimed, briskly starting up.  
'I'll set right to, Aunt Sylvy, and scour  
up the brass kettle for them preserves, and  
I'll knead up the doughnuts, or I shan't  
get 'em bleid for supper.'

It was an afternoon in the Indian summer,  
during the last quarter of the eight-  
eenth century, that this conversation oc-  
curred, in the kitchen of farmer Carter's  
story and a half farm house. It was an  
old yellow-brown building, which had  
weathered half a century of storms, with a  
steep moss cushioned roof and small win-  
dows and low ceilings. The kitchen was  
a great, ample, friendly room, with a huge  
fire-place and high 'mantle tree.' Long  
strings of peppers and quartered apples  
were hung over this, to dry for winter use;  
there was a chest of drawers, with bright  
brass handles, in one corner, and a table,  
whose ample snowy cloth had been spun by  
Sophrony's own hand.  
The tender, serene sunshine of that au-  
tumn afternoon looked in through the open  
door and the small windows, on all these  
things. It flattered with a loving caress  
about the walls and over the rush-bottomed  
chairs and on the floor. The robins sang  
in their nests, among the branches of  
the great motherly apple trees outside;  
soft winds sifted through the corn fields,  
and the long leaves fell away from the ripe  
golden ears, like faded hopes,—and over  
all the earth brooded that tender and touch-  
ing farewell which the face of 'the year  
wears, and which we hear in the voice of  
her winds when she gathers up all the  
beauty and glory of the spring, and the  
summer, and the autumn, into that last  
smile of hers—the Indian summer!  
'Cousin Sophrony Carter'—almost  
everybody in Berry Farms called her this,  
for she was related by blood or marriage  
to nine-tenths of the families—was a bright  
faced, plump, daintily moulded country  
maiden, just on the threshold of her twenty-  
second year.  
She was an orphan, and had been so  
from her fifteenth birthday; and her father  
was an honest, hard-working, God-fearing  
farmer, whose great earthly ambition was  
to clear up a few acres of pasture and mea-  
dow lot for his two boys when they should  
come of age, and leave, as a marriage por-  
tion to Sophrony, the old homestead which  
her mother brought him.  
Cousin Sophrony Carter was a wonder-  
ful girl—so bright of glance, so spry of  
motion, that she could accomplish more  
work in one day than almost any maid or  
matron in Berry Farm. The way her  
spinning wheel would revolve, or her shut-  
tles fly at the loom, was a perfect marvel  
to the whole village. She had taken charge  
of her father's family ever since the death  
of her mother, and with her quick tact and  
dexterity the household work was more a  
play than a labor to the girl.  
She was not beautiful, but she had bloom  
of color, and quiet, bright changes of ex-  
pression and grace of movement. She was  
a favorite with everybody, especially with  
men, for she was lively, warm-hearted, vi-  
cious, full of the mischief and animal  
spirit which high health always gives to  
an impulsive nature; but with all these  
good and attractive qualities, there was  
one which set her apart from the rest of  
her being—one which I, writing  
this story, do solemnly and sorrowfully be-  
lieve has been the ruin—life, and heart,  
and soul—of more of my sex, than any,  
almost any other thing, and this was—love  
of admiration.  
It unconsciously undermined her prin-  
ciples; it led her into the commission of  
many a mean and petty act, which she  
would otherwise have scorned. She loved  
to stimulate the envy and jealousy of her  
numerous admirers; and Mrs. Ritter, who  
had long observed this quality in her niece,  
had resolved to relieve her conscience  
when she came over to "do up" the fall  
preserves of the Ritters; and the deacon's  
wife was greatly shocked to learn that So-  
phrony had accepted the escort of a man  
to the apple bee, for whom she cared noth-  
ing, which was coming off that week at  
widow Pike's on the old turnpike road;  
for she knew that this was done simply to  
gratify her own vanity, and torment into  
jealousy the man whom all that was best  
and truest in the soul of Sophrony Carter  
honored and loved.  
'Oh, Josiah, you don't mean to say that  
for true, now?'  
She was a little, plethoric woman, with  
a pale face, and a pleasant, motherly sort  
of smile, that took your heart at once; and  
she put down her flat-iron on an inverted  
sauceur, as she asked this question, and  
there was something quivered through her  
voice, which made you feel that her very  
life was in her question.  
'Yes, mother, I've enlisted, and the  
work's done. Come, don't give way, now.'  
He spoke it out blunt and strong, as a  
man usually does anything which is dis-  
agreeable to communicate, and which he  
wishes to get over with as soon as possible.  
He was a stalwart, broad-chested young  
farmer, with a fine, manly, intelligent face,  
and a smile that was like his mother's.  
'O—h, Josiah.'  
She put out her hand with a sudden be-  
wildered movement, as though a sharp blow  
had struck her, and there was terrible  
anguish in those two spoken words.  
'Well, it's all done now, mother, and  
there's no help for it. It don't become a  
strong, healthy young fellow, like me, to  
stay here at home, and let others go off,

leaving wives and children behind 'em, to  
fight for their country's freedom. I'm  
ashamed that I ain't been on the field  
afore, when there's nobody but you to miss  
so much,' and here a kind of gloomy  
spasm shot across his features.  
'But, Josiah, you're all that, your dear  
father left me; and if anything should  
happen to my boy—'  
She did not need to finish the sentence,  
with the look that she bent on him.  
He put his strong arm around her, and  
spoke out, in his cheerful voice:  
'Come, now, mother, you're not of the  
stuff to keep your boy at home when his  
country needs him. That wasn't the way  
father acted when he headed a company to  
drive off the Indians you've told me about  
so often. Jest now the army's in terrible  
need of recruits, and I tell you I want to  
be on hand to give them Red Coats the  
thrashing they deserve.'  
'But, my boy, if anything should hap-  
pen to you—if you should be taken prison-  
er, or have a leg or arm broken, or be shot  
down!'  
And the little woman put up her trem-  
bling arms about his neck, and shivered in  
every limb.  
'See here, mother, you'd better look on  
't'other side, and think how proud you'll be  
of your boy Josiah when he comes home  
captain or colonel, or some other big name  
—why I'll set you up all the rest of your  
life to have such a feather in my cap.'  
She looked at him out of her kind, faded  
eyes, with such a world of doating tenderness  
that he could hardly bear it.  
'I'm proud enough on you now, Josiah.  
How soon do you go?' after a little silence  
betwixt them.  
'Early next week the company starts  
for headquarters.'  
'Oh, so soon!'  
'Yes; and there's plenty of work for  
you to do—thinkin' it better to seize hold  
of some practical matter, in order to divert  
his mother's thoughts from the main sub-  
ject. I must have a couple of shirts and  
a regular army suit. Your 'en soldier's  
mother, now, and he's goin' off on a good  
cause, and you must show yourself true  
grit like them old Spartans, and wish him  
God speed.'  
She tried to answer him cheerfully, but  
the words fell into a sigh, for Josiah Stiles  
was his mother's only son and she was a  
widow.  
It was a raw, pallid-faced, windy beaten  
day in the heart of November. Sophrony  
Carter was slicing off the strips from a  
great mound of Indian pudding, which  
stood on the table and placing them in the  
spider where a few squares of pork were  
sputtering over the bed of warm coals,  
which Sophrony had just raked up in order  
to get supper in readiness, for the day was  
wearing into night, and her father and two  
hired men had been hard at work pulling  
stumps on some land they were clearing,  
and she knew they would bring sharp ap-  
petites to their supper.  
Suddenly her brother Isaac came in,  
and poked his flaxen head betwixt her and  
the fire.  
'Sophrony.'  
'Don't be botherin' me now, Ike. Jest  
git out of my way.'  
'Well, I just wanted to tell you that I  
met Josiah Stiles at the Four Corners this  
mornin', and he said—'  
'What did he say?' laying down her  
knife and looking up with sudden interest.  
'Ophye, he said that he should start in  
about two hours to 'in the army, and he  
sent you his good bye, kindly.'  
There was a long pause; Sophrony Car-  
ter took up her knife again, but it shook  
back and forth and made all sort of zig-  
zags through the pudding.  
'Ike, turning suddenly on him, 'you  
jest watch that pudding, and see it don't  
burn; and when father comes in ask him  
to slice up some of that dried beef for sup-  
per.'  
Then she went up stairs and threw her-  
self down on the low cot bed in her little  
chamber, under the roof and sobs of pen-  
itance and remorse shook the figure of  
Sophrony Carter like branches in a storm.  
She knew then that it was all her own  
work that Josiah Stiles had gone off and  
enlisted in desperation and despair, because  
of her conduct the week before at the ap-  
ple bee; for, flattered by the admiration  
she received, and enjoying the thought that  
she was tormenting her lover, she had  
danced with one and flirted with another,  
and been led on to many foolish speeches  
which she regretted. And now that her  
wrong and cruelty had driven him from  
her—it might be forever—Sophrony Car-  
ter learned, how, in the silence and hol-  
iness of her own soul, she loved Josiah  
Stiles—loved him with all the tenderness  
of heart, all the reverence of her soul, as a  
woman should love the husband of her  
youth.  
'I deserve it all,' she moaned to her-  
self. 'It is a judgement on me for all my  
folly and wickedness; and now if he should  
be shot, and his blood should be on my  
head! Oh, Josiah, Josiah!'  
But he was where those loving, plead-  
ing tones could not reach his heart, and  
Sophrony Carter was learning as sooner or

later we all must, that the wages of sin  
are suffering.  
'How d'ye do, Miss Stiles! Aunt En-  
ney thought she'd send you over a jug o'  
fresh milk and a pumpkin pie, this morn-  
in'.'  
'It's very kind and thoughtful o' your  
aunt, Jason,' replied Mrs. Stiles, as she re-  
ceived the gifts from the hard hands of the  
young man, who was the son of a neigh-  
bor, and one of her son's mates, but she  
did not observe the wistful, pitying glance  
which he shot into her face.  
She carried the jug and the pie into the  
pantry and returned in a few moments, and  
chatted about the winter's hanging off and  
his aunt's health, and the new singing  
school that was just being started at the  
stone meetin' house and then asked sud-  
denly.  
'Oh, Jason, there ain't any fresh news  
from the army?'  
'Wall, yes; lookin' down: 'there was  
some brought in last night to Squire Mor-  
gan's Miss Stiles.'  
'Did you hear anything about it?'  
'There's been another light skirmish up  
in York, some where and our boys has licked  
the British.'  
'I don't s'pose anything's come to fight  
about Josiah?'  
She saw the look then of fear and pity  
which he darted at her.  
'Oh, Jason, gasped out the little pale  
woman, 'there hasn't anything happened  
to my boy, has there?'  
Then the religion of the Puritans—that  
constant, solemn living recognition of God  
and His dealings with all men, in all cir-  
cumstances, at all times and seasons, wheth-  
er of sorrow or joy, of pain or gladness,  
which every child was taught in every  
hour of his life, which were his morning  
and evening lesson, that solemn, indeliv-  
ering, all believing faith, broke out from the  
lips of the young man, as he grasped the  
stricken mother's hand, saying while the  
tears trickled down his cheeks, 'It has not  
happened to him, Miss Stiles, it happened  
to us, for Josiah is in Heaven!'  
She did not shriek or moan; she sat  
down and covered her face with her hands  
and he knew that her heart was broken.  
'Mercy sakes, father, what a clatterin'  
you make. I began to fear the Indians had  
come.'  
Cousin Sophrony Carter was 'heelin'  
a stocking one cold night in the opening  
of December. She sat before the huge  
fire-place, where a birch wood fire was  
leaping in great fads of flame up the chim-  
ney and filling the old kitchen with its rus-  
dy glow. A small, round cherry stand  
stood on one side and the girl had nearly  
upset this, with the solitary tallow candle  
which was placed upon it, in her alarm at  
her father's sudden and noisy entrance.  
He was a tall, broad-shouldered, weather-  
beaten man, in a farmer's suit of blue  
homespun, and he walked up to the fire  
and spread his great hands to the flames.  
'Wall, child, I'm kinder dazed and  
couldn't see my way clear. I've heard  
news.'  
'Bad news, father?'  
'Yes, Sophrony. I got it from your  
aunt Patty's where I just stopped to hear  
how Jerry's sick ox was coming on. It  
seems the red coats and our folks has had  
a skirmish, and several was shot; and  
among them Josiah Stiles. Such a likely,  
promisin' young man, and he was his moth-  
er's idol, and it's jest broken her heart—'  
This was a dreadful thing.  
A sound of something falling heavily to  
the floor, caused the farmer to turn round  
suddenly, and he saw Sophrony lying sense-  
less on the floor.  
'I'd no idea 't'would take her down so,'  
murmured the farmer, as he bathed the  
face of his child and rubbed her cold limbs  
tenderly as a mother. 'I must ha' told  
her too sudden, for she and Josiah were  
school mates and always set a good deal of  
store by one another.'  
It was New Year's evening and the  
snow was falling thick outside and the  
wind beat and stormed around the corners  
of the little red brown house, in the front  
room of which sat two pale, sorrowful-faced  
women—a young and an old one; for So-  
phrony Carter never allowed a day to go  
over her head, without running in to see  
the broken hearted mother of the man  
whom she had learned too late, how ten-  
derly she loved.  
Grief and remorse had done much work  
with the girl's face in these four weeks—  
The old brightness and animation had gone  
out of it. Her voice, too, which was so  
full of richness and laughter, had now those  
soft, falling tones which tell their own story  
of hidden sorrow.  
Mrs. Stiles was more attached to the  
girl than to any one on earth, for she knew  
something of her son's affection for So-  
phrony; but Josiah had kept his secret well,  
for his mother never suspected the girl's  
conduct was the real motive which had in-  
duced him to join the army.  
Well, Mrs. Stiles, the snow's getting so  
deep, it won't do for me to stay any longer,'  
exclaimed Sophrony, rising up and  
throwing her blue flannel shawl over her  
head.  
Before Mrs. Stiles could reply, there

was a fumbling at the door latch outside,  
which caused both the women to turn sud-  
denly.  
The next moment the door opened, and  
a white, haggard face looked in on the two  
women and a pair of feet shuffled feebly  
across the threshold.  
'It's his spirit—it's his spirit come  
back to accuse me,' moaned the white lips  
of Sophrony Carter, as she crouched down  
behind Mrs. Stiles, shuddering in every  
limb, for the superstitious in which she  
had been educated at once suggested this  
to her morbid imagination.  
But the figure came right forward, and  
the eyes fastened on the old woman's face,  
did not see the girl which crouched behind  
it, and the former sat still and frozen be-  
twixt fear and hope, speaking no word,  
making no sign.  
'Mother don't you know me? Ain't  
you got a welcome for your boy, that's  
come back to you from the gates of death?'  
She tried to rise up but she fell back in-  
to her chair—the tears streamed down  
her aged face into her clasped, withered  
hands while she cried out,  
'Josiah—my boy, Josiah!'  
Then the figure crouched down in the  
corner rose up and darted forward—the  
arms, the soft plump arms of Sophrony  
Carter were gathered about the young  
man's neck and she lay sobbing glad tears  
on his breast.  
It was a severe lesson for Sophrony Car-  
ter, but it cured her of her besetting sin.  
Josiah Stiles regained his health at last,  
and when the war was over, Sophrony Car-  
ter became his well beloved wife, and  
years later, used to say of her those most  
tender and solemn and beautiful words  
of Solomon, the son of David, that she was  
to him, indeed,  
'A GIFT OF THE LORD.'  
MEDDLESOME MEG AND THE SNAPPING  
TURTLE.  
A Warning.  
It happened one time, in the good town of Rye,  
There lived an old dame with a troublesome eye—  
Or rather a nose, as the sequel will show,  
That other folks business determined to know.  
And, though none could tell how, she always  
contrived  
To pick up the news as soon as arrived;  
She knew how much flour the A's used for bread;  
How many plum puddings a year the B's had;  
Which ate the most butter, the C's or the D's;  
All the marketing done by the F's and the E's;  
Just where, when and how Mrs. G found the  
meat.  
To pay for her carpet and curtains and screens;  
The number of napkins and towels apiece  
That were used in a week by Mr. H. and his  
niece.  
What was kept by the I's in each drawer and  
chest,  
And which of the children J. treated the best;  
Where K. spent his evenings, and where Susan L.  
Got her necktie and ring, though she would not  
tell.  
And so, through the country, from A. down to  
Z,  
She knew what had been or was going to be;  
And what was a virtue which some now possess,  
What she didn't know certain could easily guess.  
And then she was willing (a virtue not rare)  
That others the stock of her knowledge should  
share.  
So, with mouth and eyes open, she wore out her  
shoes  
In the ready sale traffic of peddling news.  
No stone was unturned, no prying untired,  
Wherever an item of gossip might hide!  
But she went once too often, or to the wrong  
place,  
And Cain like, returned with the mark on her  
face!  
She knew her new neighbor and wife were away—  
The children she saw in the meadow at play;  
So, 'now for a harvest,' said Meg to herself,  
'I'll find out by this how their housekeeping goes,  
For I am quite sure if their churn is kept sweet,  
The rest of the house will be tidy and neat.  
If my eyes off deceive me my nose never did,  
So saying, she thrust it straight under the lid,  
Snuff, snuff, for a moment, then sneezing with  
pain,  
She vainly attempts to withdraw it again.  
Alas, for thee, Meg! it is easier quite,  
To get your nose into than out of a plight!  
At length she succeeds, when behold at the end  
A huge snapping turtle is seen to depend!  
The creature the child had brought home in  
glee,  
And caged him up there for their parents to see;  
Not taking his prison nor wishing to stay,  
He seized the first chance made of getting away;  
Away ran poor Meg, and in terror she cried,  
While the turtle clung too, liking vastly to ride!  
And thus he hung on, till she fainted and fell,  
Then scampered away with her organ of smell!  
And then from that day to her life's latest close,  
From other folks' business Meg kept out her nose!  
Now, old folks and young, all take warning,  
I beg,  
From the fate that befel poor old meddlesome  
Meg,  
And keep your nose out of your neighbor's af-  
fairs,  
Though longing to know the whys and the where,  
And if tempted to pry into other's concerns  
Remember poor Meg and keep clear of their  
churns.  
Though you may not meet turtles in every dish,  
You may find to your sorrow far more than one  
wish.  
And here let me add on this point ere I close,  
Although I've in view no particular nose,  
Yet I'm thinking if justice should mete out each  
clasp,  
There is many a one would be minus their tip!

## Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1764.  
amounting to at least £120,000 sterling,  
part of which is imported directly into  
the colony, but as remittances are more easily  
made to the neighboring provinces of the  
Massachusetts Bay and Pennsylvania, and  
New York than Great Britain, a consid-  
erable part is purchased of them.  
The sum £120,000 sterling may be con-  
sidered as a debt due from the colony the  
payment of which is the great object of  
every branch of commerce carried on by its  
inhabitants, and exercises the skill and in-  
vention of every trader.  
The only article produced in the colony  
suitable for a remittance to England, con-  
sists of some flax seed and oil, and some  
few ships built for sale; the whole amount-  
ing to about £5000 sterling per annum.—  
The other articles furnished by the colony  
for exportation, are some lumber, cheese  
and horses; the whole amount of all which  
together bear but a very inconsiderable  
proportion to the debt contracted for British  
goods; it can therefore be nothing but  
commerce which enables us to pay it.  
As there is no commodity raised in the  
colony suitable for the European market,  
but the few articles aforementioned, and  
as the other goods raised for exportation  
will answer at no other market but in the  
West Indies, it necessarily follows that  
the trade thither must be the foundation of  
all our commerce. And it is undoubtedly  
true that solely from the prosecution of  
this trade, with the other branches that are  
prospered in consequence of it, arise the  
ability to pay for such quantities of British  
goods.  
It appears from the Custom House books  
in Newport, that from January, 1763, to  
January 1764, there were 150 sail of ves-  
sel bound on foreign voyages, that is to  
Europe, Africa and the West Indies; 352  
sail of vessels employed in the coasting  
trade, that is, between Georgia and New-  
foundland inclusive, which with the fish-  
ing vessels, are navigated by at least 2,200  
sailors.  
Of these vessels about 150 are annu-  
ally employed in the West India trade,  
which import into this colony about 14,000  
hogsheads of molasses, whereof a quantity  
not exceeding 2500 hogsheads, come from  
all the English Islands together.  
It is this quantity of molasses which  
serves as an engine in the hands of the  
merchant, to effect the great purpose of  
paying for British manufactures; for part  
of it is exported to the Massachusetts Bay,  
to New York and Pennsylvania, to pay for  
British goods, for provisions and for many  
other articles which compose our West In-  
dia cargoes, and part to the other colonies  
to the southward of these last mentioned,  
for such commodities as serve for a remit-  
tance immediately to Europe, such as rice,  
naval stores, &c., or such as are necessary  
to enable us to carry on our commerce;  
the remainder, besides what is consumed  
by the inhabitants, is distilled into rum and  
exported to the coast of Africa. Nor will  
this trade appear to be of little consequence  
if the following account of it be considered.  
Formerly the negroes upon the coast  
were supplied with large quantities of  
French brandies, but in the year 1723 some  
merchants in this colony first introduced  
the use of rum there, which from small be-  
ginnings soon increased to the consumption  
of several thousand hogsheads yearly, by  
which the French are deprived of the sale  
of an equal quantity of Brandy; and as  
the demand for rum is annually increasing  
upon the coast, there is the greatest reason  
to think that in a few years, if this trade  
be not discouraged, the sale of French  
brandies there will be entirely destroyed.  
This little colony only, for more than thirty  
years past, have annually sent about  
15 sail of vessels to the coast, which have  
carried about 1800 hogsheads of rum, to  
gether with a small quantity of provisions  
and some other articles, which have been  
sold for slaves, gold dust, elephant's teeth,  
cam teeth &c. The slaves have been sold  
to the English Islands in Carolina and  
Virginia, for bills of exchange and the other  
articles have been sent to Europe; and  
by this trade alone, remittances have been  
made from this colony to Great Britain, to  
the value of about £40,000 sterling, year-  
ly, and this rum carried to the coast, is so  
far from prejudicing the British trade  
thither, that it may be said rather to pro-  
mote it. For as soon as our rum vessels  
arrive they exchange away some of the  
rum with the traders from Britain for a  
quantity of dry goods, with which each of  
them sort their cargoes to their mutual ad-  
vantage.  
Besides this remittance by the African  
trade, we often get bills of Surinam, Bar-  
badoes &c. and this happens when the sales  
of our cargoes amount to more than a suf-  
ficiency to load with Molasses, so that in  
this particular a considerable benefit arises  
from the molasses trade; for these bills  
being paid in Holland, are the means of  
drawing from that Republic so much of  
cash yearly into Great Britain, as these  
bills amount to.  
From this deduction from the course of  
our trade, which is founded in exact truth,  
it appears that the whole trading stock of



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